

Summer School Bites...Literally

by Just a Thought

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Summary: Trunks gets a job as a tutor for a summer school.

Summer School Bites...Literally

>Warnings: A bit a language, a bit a violence, a bit a random humor.

>Disclaimer: Do I really sound intellegent enough to create an entire universe? Well, I'm not. I don't own the Dragon Ball, Dragon Ball Z, or Dragon Ball GT series, ideas like senzu beans, or the DBZ/GT universe, and I don't own the characters. No, I'm not making money off this fanfic either.

>

>
Hey, good thing I finished my series. I'm gonna be gone for four days to a camp from Thursday to Sunday. So, this'll be my last fanfic for a couple days. *grin* I'm bringing by notebook though since I'm sure I'll be plagued with ideas for new stories. Well, anyways, this idea came from all the munchikins that I'm tutoring over the summer. Don't get me wrong, little first and second graders are cute and all, but sometimes they just get on your nerves. 'Specially when you haven't gotten enough sleep and have to wake up at 7:00 in the morning. Take a wild guess at who I'm picking on. (Feedback is always appreciated.) By the way, this isn't the story that hit me like a brick, that one could be ceshribed more like an epic. Just to let you know.

>

>
 "TRUNKS! WAKE UP" Bulma screamed from the purple haired youth's bedroom door. "WAKE UP OR YOU'LL MISS BREAKFAST!"

>
 This got a reaction from the boy. "Wha!? Wha, I'm up already!" he squeaked.

>
 "It's 7:30!" Bulma yelled angrily, You were supposed to be up at 7:00!"

>
 "Ahhh!" Trunks lept out of bed.

>
 "Incace you forgot, we're leaving in ten minutes." Bulma grumbled.

>
 Trunks grinned. "Yeah, but you forgot. I can get ready in three minutes flat."

>
 "But can you eat breakfast that fast?" Bulma retorted.

>
 Trunks suddenly paled. "Uh..."

>
 Bulma walked out of the room. "Just get ready. Oh, and make sure you have a collared shirt and some nice pants."

>
 "WHAT!?" Trunks screamed.

>
 "No black tank tops and no jacket." Bulma said peeking her head into the room again.

>
 Trunks opened his closet and grimaced. "Remind me why I'm doing this again?" he asked.

>
 "For the benifit of the little children." Bulma said in a rather wise sounding voice then left

>
 "I'm not even getting paid for this." Trunks grumbled pulling his PJs off.

>

>
 Trunks practically inhaled his breakfast and nearly missed getting it all over himself at that. Bulma had gotten after him for wearing jeans, but he had told her that if he couldn't wear jeans he was going to wear his jacket. Bulma decided a collared shirt was enough.

>
 When Trunks finished breakfast and walked out of the house he found Bulma waiting in the car. "Come on!" she yelled.

>
 "Uh uh." Trunks said walking away from the car. "I'm flying."

>
 "Oh no your not!" Bulma screeched. "If you don't get in this car, I'm going to take you shopping tommorow."

>
 At this remark Trunks immediatly got in the car.

>
 A few moments later Bulma was recklessly driving down the road.

>
 "Ah!!!! Mom! Your gonna get us killed!" Trunks screamed as the car skidded around the corner, "Either that or your going to get a ticket!" he yelled.

>
 With a screech the car landed in front of the school. "There ya go!" Bulma said with a smile on her face, "Have a nice time!" she yelled waving.

>
 Trunks acted like he didn't know her and walked into school. He found Goten waiting at the office, but before he could say a word he started laughing. In fact, he laughed so hard he fell to the ground and started rolling around.

>
 "What!?" Goten cried out in dismay.

>
 Trunks pointed a finger at his friend. "Ahahahahaha!" he laughed hysterically. "You look like Gohan before the gang left for Namek!"

>
 "And just how would you know what he looked like?" Goten asked hands on hips.

>
 "Because...hahaha...because I've seen...hahahaha...a picture." Trunks wheezed.

>
 Besides the hair, Trunks was very right.

>
 Trunks got up off the ground and dusted himself off. Then he looked around at the other tutors. "Are we the only guys tutoring?" he asked.

>
 Goten nodded his head. "Hehehe. Too bad eh?"

>
 "Huh?" Trunks asked.

>
 At that moment, all the girl tutors seemed to notice Trunks. "Ohhhhh!" they all cried. "He's here!!!!!" And they created a huge stampede towards poor Trunks.

>
 "Why are we here anyway?" he asked his friend over his shoulder.

>
 "Because none of the girls would have come if you weren't

here." Goten yelled to his fleeing friend.

>
 "Well, that explains me, but what about you?" Trunks cried.

>
 "They knew you wouldn't come if I weren't here." Goten replied with a yell.

>
 "Oh." Trunks said then ran as fast as he could (and that's pretty darn fast) to the other side of the school.

>

>
 Trunks walked into room 19, his assigned room. He had tried to convince the principal to let him go into a room with a man teaching, but if the principal could have her way, he would be her assistant. Lucky for poor Trunks there were only enough tutors for each of the classes.

>
 When he walked into the room he was relieved to find that the teacher didn't fall to the floor. Infact, she was rather calm and quiet. ~Thank goodness she can keep her harmones in check.~ Trunks sighed.

>
 He didn't get so lucky with the little girls in the class though. All of them immediatly got those little hearts in their eyes. One of the little girls even started tugging on the teachers skirt.

>
 "Miss Repugnance? Can we go greet our new tutor!?" she asked.

>
 "Sure." Miss Repugnance said smiling sweetly.

>
 Of course, at this one little word, every single little girl in the building instantly ran over and hugged the poor purple haired fighter.

>
 Trunks backed up for the door, but it was too late...

>
 "I don't get what the big deal is." one little boy growled, "He's not nearly as cute as me!"

>
 "Shut up Bobby..." and this was as far as the teacher got before she stopped herself. "Oh...Oh dear me." she said putting a hand over her mouth and blushing.

>

>
 Trunks sat in the corner of the back of the class bored out of his mind, at least the teacher wasn't showing anymore public displays of affection. Still...those little girls were a force to be reconed with. Just when Trunks was about to drift off to sleep when Bobby wandered over to where he was sitting.

>
 "Hiya!" Bobby said with a cheesy grin.

>
 "Hi." Trunks said a bit suspicious.

>
 "Ya never did tell us your name yet." Bobby said.

>
 "And?" Trunks asked.

>
 "Well...what is it?" Bobby asked.

>
 "Trunks." he replied.

>
 Bobby looked like he was about to start laughing. "You were named after underwear?" he snickered.

>
 Trunks felt a spark of anger flicker in him but cooled down thinking how easy it would be to blow this kid to kingdom come. ~To bad I can't.~ he sighed. ~I bet I'd get some funny looks.~

>
 "Well Trunks." he put certian emphasis on Trunks. He snickered once again.

>
 "That's nothing." Trunks muttered, "You should hear my sister's name."

>
 "Hey Trunks!" Bobby giggled.

>
 "What?" Trunks asked exasperated.

>
 "I need help on my poem." he held out a paper with an acrostic poem using his name. "What starts with a B?" he asked.

>
 "Belching munchkin." Trunks muttered.

>
 "Hey!" Bobby protested.

>
 "Okay, okay!" Trunks said, "How about..." he paused, "Bum?"

>
 Bobby got an evil glare in his eyes. "Hey!"

>
 "Alright!" Trunks cried. "@#\$Q@% kid." he muttered.

>
 Bobby's eyes lit up. "Hey! That's a good one!"

>
 "Uh...no." Trunks said grabbing the paper Bobby was writing on and tearing it up. "That's NOT a good idea."

>
 Bobby glared at Trunks once more before grabbing another paper and writing his name again.

>
 "Okay." Trunks breathed deeply. "Try," he thought for a moment, ~There's just too many insults I could think of that begin with B.~ he sighed. "How about bright kid."

>
 "Okay." the little boy replied scribbling down a few letters. "How do you spell 'bright' again?" he asked.

>
 Trunks slapped himself in the forehead. "This could be one REALLY long day."

>

>
 Trunks closed his eyes. He'd finally gotten that Bobby kid off his back. He was just relaxing when he felt a small chi approach him. He cracked one eye open to find a small little boy standing in front of his table. ~What's that kids name?~ Trunks wracked his brain, ~I think he said it was Anthony.~

>
 Trunks managed a smile. Unfortunately, what happened next caught him totally off guard. Anthony began to cry.

>
 "Uh...don't cry." Trunks said quickly, "What can I help you with?"

>
 The little boy continued to cry. "Whaaaa!" he screamed.

>
 "Shhhh." Trunks whispered. Looking around himself nervously Trunks noticed everyone was giving him a dirty look, as if he had just committed the most vial crime in the world. Trunks blushed uncontrollably.

>
 Gradually Anthony stopped crying. Though gradually seemed an eternity to the purple haired wonder. Trunks half expected child protection to drag him away.

>
 ~Yesh.~ Trunks thought to himself. ~If I gave him a hug he'd probably die of a heart attack.~

>
 "I need...help." he said timidly.

>
 ~Ah!!!~ Trunks cried in his mind. ~Not another Actrostic Poem!~

>
 Anthony held out a book. "The teacher said...you needed to read it to me."

>
 Trunks opened up the book and began to read, "There once was a magical pink pony..." Trunks stopped abruptly, ~What the hell? Magical pink pony? No wonder this kid is so messed up!~

>

>
 "And so they all lived happily ever after. That is, except for the evil witch who was turned to sand." Trunks concluded.

>
 Trunks looked up at little Anthony and found him to be passed out.

>
 "Sheez, mention pain to this kid and he'll probably turn as white as Chaotzu." Trunks muttered under his breath.

>
 As he mumbled this the bell for break rang. Leaving Anthony for the teacher to take care of Trunks went in serch of Goten. Of course, all the girls started flocking towards him so it wasn't too hard for Goten to guess where his friend was.

>
 "Trunks!" he yelled pushing his way through the mass of little girls.

>
 "What!?" Trunks cried.

>
 "Hehe. Thought I'd find you here." he laughed.

>
 "Very funny." Trunks said peeling a little girl off his arm.

"Do you think if I shaved my head, had you beat me up, and went around drooling, that they'd still do this?" he asked as he was nearly lost his balance trying to avoid stepping all over a few of the girls.

>
 "Hmmm." Goten pondered the question. "Maybe if you were an eunuch..."

>
 "Goten!" Trunks cried in a rather shrill voice cutting his friend off, "Don't give me nightmares, get me outta here!"

>
 "Fine." Goten grumbled, "I was only kidding ya know."

>
 Just as he was about to rescue his friend the bell rang.

>
 "Well, see ya." he said running off.

>
 "I'll get him." Trunks grumbled.

>

>
 Back in the class room Trunks was just settling back into his seat when Bobby came by again. "Hi." he said.

>
 ~Uh oh.~ Trunks couldn't help thinking, ~He's up to no good.~

>
 Bobby smiled.

>
 ~Now, now I'm afraid.~

>
 Bobby had a big toothy grin. And without warning he used his grin by clamping his teeth down on Trunks's hand.

>
 "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Trunks screamed leaping up and running around the room with Bobby still firmly attached to his hand. "Ahh! Get him off! Get him off! AHHH! The pain!"

>
 Nobody noticed that Anthony had passed out.

>
 The teacher came over and tried to get the little boy to open his mouth, but it was no good.

>
 "Um." she said, "Why don't you go down to the office and talk to the principal." she suggested.

>
 "What!?" Trunks cried in disbelief, "Is this kid gonna have to be surgically removed or something?" he asked.

>
 "Maybe." the teacher replied.

>
 Trunks's felt the urge to scream but didn't, instead, he headed down to the office.

>
 "Hi what can I do for you?" the secretary asked politely.

>
 Trunks held up his hand.

>
 "Oooh. Those suckers are sure biting this time a year aren't they? There pretty darn big too." she laughed.

>
 "Huh?" Trunks asked. "This is a kid."

>
 "The secretary pulled out a pair of glasses and blinked a couple times. "Oh...So it is." she looked a bit confused. "Bobby Asia Minor! If you don't open your mouth this second I'll tell Warden it was you who pantsed him."

>
 Bobby's mouth immediatly opened releasing Trunks's poor hand.

>
 The secretary looked Bobby over. "Hmmm." she mumbled, "I think cafeteria work will be fitting punishment."

>
 Bobby looked like he was about to melt. "Not that!" he whined.

>
 Trunks snickered, ~Serves the brat right.~

>
 Bobby gave him a look of pure poison.

>
 ~Uh oh!~

>

>
 Trunks walked through the lunch line wearily. When he got to the fruit server he looked up to find none other than Bobby A. Minor. He was holding one of those really cheap scoopers with a load of soggy peaches. He snickered.

>
 ~Uh oh.~ Trunks found himself thinking once more.

>
 He just barely missed the load of peaches as Bobby threw them.

>
 "FOOD FIGHT!" somebody yelled and within seconds all out war had erupted in the cafeteria.

>
 Carefully, and oh so slowly Trunks crawled out the door of the building. Once he was out he made an all out run for the parking lot. ~Hope mom came early.~ he thought.

>

>
 Bulma was just pulling into the parking lot. She figured she'd come a couple minutes before school let out. Okay, maybe she was more than a COUPLE minutes early, more like ten, but she didn't care.

>
 Before she could even park, Trunks dove into the car. "Drive! Drive!" he screamed.

>
 Bulma's eyes widened as she saw kids running with plastic utensils and covered in what she assumed to be food. "What the?"

>
 "Hell with this!" Trunks yelled pushing his mother's foot on the gas pedal. The car lurched forward and Bulma had a hard time controlling the car. With a deafening crash it collided with a telephone poll. Trunks grabbed his mother and flew out the door of the car. From the air he began to laugh insanely. He began to shoot random chi blasts to scare the kids. Unfortunately a stray one hit the already weakened telephone poll and it began to fall.

>
 Trunks face faulted, dropped his mother, then began to clear the kids out of the path of the poll. He didn't estimate the time it would take for the poll to fall though, and as a result it fell on him.

>
 Bulma emerges from the bushes a bit scratched and ran over to Trunks. "Are you alright?" she asked.

>
 Trunks rolled the telephone poll off of himself. "Nevler been bletter." he muttered.

>
 Bulma did that anime eye thing (ya know, where you squinch your eyes up really tight like this ^_^) "Good!" she said happily. "And just think, you get to do this all over again tomorrow!"

>
 Trunks groaned, "Yeah..."

>

> THE END

End
file.